

## Home Reading.

## Ken Ye the Lan!

[After Goethe's Song of Mignon.]

BY JOHN T. NAPIER.

Ken ye the lan' o' the laigh gray skies,  
Whaur the green pine woods, an' the wild bird  
cries;  
Whaur the heather blooms an' the gowan grows,  
An' sweet is the scent o' the briar-rose?  
Ken ye the lan'?

I am fain, I am fain,  
Tae see the blug hills o' my ain lan' again.

Ken ye the path o' the weary sea,  
Wi' the loupin' waves an' the blawin' breeze?  
Alane wi' God, wi' nae lan' in sight;  
But the east forment wi' the dawn is bricht.  
Ken ye the path?

I am fain, I am fain,  
Tae feel the saut win' o' my face again.

Ken ye the fowk i' the mirk, alane,  
Whaur the gowd is the star o' their ain?  
Their words may be cauld, but their hearts are  
allane;  
"Ye've been lang awa; ye are welcome hame."  
Ken ye the fowk?

I am fain, I am fain,  
Tae see the dear licht o' their faces again.

—The Sunday School Times.

## The Singular Way a Frenchman Devised of Making a Living With Old Hats.

"I have often heard of odd and mysterious professions practised in large cities by ingenious people," said a gentleman recently returned from Europe, "but I think the one I am about to describe beats them all. As I was coming out of the Grand Hotel in Paris one day last summer, I suddenly lost my equilibrium and stretched myself out right along the sidewalk, thanks to an orange peel. A good looking sort of fellow rushed to my rescue, succeeded in setting me upon my legs, and, in spite of me, insisted on helping me back to my room."

"The next day he called and had his card sent up, inquiring in very good terms about my condition. I didn't tell you my right arm had been broken in my fall, but it's all the same, anyhow, as it is all right now. Day after day, during two long and tedious weeks, I received the same card, telling me how anxiously my rescuer interested himself in my recovery. I could not help feeling deeply touched by such persevering attention, and gave orders to the clerk to send my man up the next time he called. Our meeting was affecting."

"Excuse me, sir," said I, "what could I do for you to show you my gratitude?"

"Well, my dear sir," he answered, with a flash in his eyes, "give me your old hats."

"Most willingly. But, pray, what are you going to do with that stuff? Are you dealing in second-hand head gear, or do you want to exchange your felt hat for a regular stovepipe? In that case, it would afford me the greatest pleasure to offer you a new one."

"A thousand thanks, sir. I never wear new hats. If I ask you for your old ones it's because, when you fell, your hat rolled away in the gutter, and picking it up I saw it came from a fashionable maker's. Such a name, sir, would do very well in my collection, and largely increase the number of my customers."

"Your customers?"

"Yes, sir. I see you have no idea of my way of living. I am, sir, a professional burglar alarm, at your service, or rather at the service of your lady friends."

"This is a novelty, indeed. So your profession consists in frightening thieves?"

"Yes, sir, and with old hats, only. Thieves in Paris possess a police—a detective force of their own—as well organized, if not better, than the municipal forces. They have a number of scouts who, in consideration of a percentage inform resolute rascals of 'good' places in which to operate. Among those scouts some are especially intrusted with the charge of watching old single ladies who live alone. As soon as they discover one of these and learn that there is booty to be got, they pass word to the 'workers' and the next day the robbery is committed. Well, my business consists in frightening away these plunderers."

"But how about the old hats?"

"Here they come in, sir. Suppose, with all due respect to you, that you are an old single lady. I come to you and explain the dangers you are running, and I take your name as a subscriber."

"A subscriber to what?"

"For one franc a month I pledge my word to keep, without intermission, in your anteroom a man's hat, which will, in its turn, keep away thieves from your premises."

"How is that?"

"Just this way: the thief comes and rings your bell. You open to the scout, who, at a glance, takes a complete survey of your surroundings. Seeing the hat, 'Ah, ah,' says he to himself, 'a visitor! I'll come some other evening.' So, under one pretext or another, he moves off. Two or three days later he is back; the same inspection follows, with the same result. 'Company again,' he thinks. 'A week later a hat is still on the rack. 'Thunder and lightning! too much company. Nothing safe here, and you never see him again, nor any of his associates.'"

"Well, well, this is rather ingenious, but does it not strike you that your client would get along cheaper by buying, once for all, a hat, and so dispensing with your services?"

"By no means. First, the hat must be carefully brushed every day and placed by a man on the pattern, because women do not hook up a hat the same way as men do. Next, it must be a hat of the latest and best pattern. Last, but not least, the hat must not be twice the same hat, or on his second call the scout would know as much as yourself about the trick."

"That's so."

"I am not such a simpleton. Every day the precious hat is changed with my own hands. I have now 205 customers and 243 hats of all respectable patterns. Every morning I start on my circular trips, beginning with customer No. 1, to whom I bring a neatly brushed hat, which I exchange for the one put by me on the pattern the day before. With that one I go to customer No. 2, brush it well, hook it up, unhook the other, and repeat the same operation down to customer No. 205, whose hat I take home with me. By this process none of my lady customers has the same hat in her anteroom more than twenty-four hours. To-day it is a felt hat, to-morrow a round one, the day after a stove-pipe, then an opera hat, and so on ad infinitum. I go so far sometimes, if I have reason to suppose one of my clients to be especially threatened, as to leave on her rack two and even three hats of different shapes. I can't afford to run any risk. Think what I should lose if one of my customers should

be assassinated! It would send my business to the dogs."

"And does it pay you?"

"Why, certainly. It's easy enough to foot it up: 25 customers at a franc per month make a grand total of 2,460 francs a year, which for a man who does not feel every evening like going to the Cafe Riche, is quite enough to live decently upon. However, my outlays for hats—"

"Oh, I see. That's why you want me to increase your collection?"

"Just so, sir."

"Well, then, take these my good man."

"And I gave the fellow half a dozen good hats, of various shapes, and he took his leave, supremely happy."

## Poker Playing.

A reporter of one of the dailies gives an interview with a "poker" player, who explains that, through the influence of vain young men, he obtains entry into the houses of reputable but fashionable people, and plies his art; and that he shares the proceeds with the fashionable and well-connected young man who introduces him. He affirms that one-third of all the people in the city, between the ages of fifteen and seventy-five, are more or less addicted to the game, and that the interest in it is rapidly increasing. He was asked how people learn to play, and replied:

"They commence by playing for buttons, then freeze-out for ice cream or some other trifling treat, then penny ante for keeps, and finally drift into a game only bounded by their means, and sometimes without that limitation. Young men who learn to play at home, and in the houses of friends soon tire of a small game, and visit poker rooms, of which there are literally hundreds in the city. From these to the larger gambling-houses is but a step, and in a majority of cases their ruin is complete. Many a defaulting clerk dates his downfall from the night when he first opened the festive 'jackpot' for the limit—five cents—and many a woman has been driven, or rather drawn, to the bad, through the seductions of that game where 'it's all in the draw.'"

He explained why the game is so popular. It is a simple game, with few rules, and hence easily learned, but its peculiar fascination lies, I think, in the happy combination of chance and skill; in the circumstance that it is not a silent game, like whist, but admits of conversation, and chaffing in the great inducements it offers to a study of character; and more particularly that one may sometimes, by a skillful bluff, win with much smaller hand than is held by his antagonists."

In nearly every poker party there will be some one who knows how to cheat, and who plays for the purpose of winning money, not for amusement merely. He says the police do not interfere with the game."

"Gamblers are everywhere run openly. The press and the public denounce gambling-houses, like 'Hankins' and 'The Store,' but poker clubs and society games, where gamblers are educated, and, like myself, unfitted for any honest occupation, go unchallenged. I'm not a moralist, but I tell you that social and fashionable poker-playing in Chicago is yearly the ruin of thousands of promising young men. I've been through the mill and I know. But it's 8 o'clock, and I'm due for a little game in a Twenty-second Street boarding house. The landlady and I are partners. She sent me word that three of her boarders got a month's pay to-day."

"There have been many apologies made for card-playing. Opposition to the amusement is set down as unreasonable and ridiculous; and perhaps there are some extreme ideas in regard to its inherent wickedness. But that the elegant young gambler tells the truth about it, there is no doubt. They do not know it, and people who have no experience in gambling do not realize it, and are slow to believe it, but the facts show that there is a deadly fascination in it which constantly increases in its power over the victim. It is perfectly easy to keep out of it. Everybody has more, even in the line of innocent amusement, than he can attend to. But it is not so easy to get out of it. Go in, and you are sure to be lured by a villain—to give your, or your father's, hard earnings to support a heartless rogue.—Chicago Interior."

## Little Ethel's Cross-Examination.

A fashionably dressed matron yesterday sat in the rear cabin of a Hoboken ferryboat. She was accompanied by a thin-legged, restless-eyed little girl, aged about four years. A few seats away was a man with a wooden leg. As the boat started, the child turned to the mother in search of a little information.

"Mamma," she began, "how does the boat move?"

"By steam, my dear."

"But how do they get the steam?"

"A man below makes it, dear."

"And suppose the man forgot to make enough steam to take us all the way across?"

"Well, I suppose the wind would blow us across then."

"But suppose there was not enough wind?"

"Oh, don't bother me any more, dear. I'm sure I don't know what we should do then."

"But, mamma—"

"At this instant the inquisition came to a sudden stop. With unerring instinct the child's eye had lighted upon the man with the wooden leg. That eye at once became fixed, dilating with concentrated interest. The child crawled down from her seat, upon which she had been kneeling in order to afford that eye better facilities for observation. The object of scrutiny squirmed uneasily in his seat. The mother, probably surmising what might be coming, and presumably acting in the light of previous experience, sought to create a diversion by successively calling attention to a little French poodle at the other end of the cabin, to a passing tugboat, and to a "little man up there on the top bridge." It was all of no use. Turning to the mother, the child exclaimed in a portentous whisper:

"Hush, my dear. You must not be rude."

"But, mamma (in a very audible whisper), 'do look at his leg.'"

"Be quiet, Ethel, I tell you," frantically urged the matron in agitated tones. "The poor man has lost his leg. It's very rude to notice it."

"What's that one made of?"

"Hush! Of wood, my dear. Look at that pretty little boy over there. See how good he is."

"Did you ever have a leg like that, ma?"

"No, my dear. Look over there at that—"

"Will pa or Uncle John or I ever have one, ma?"

"No, dear."

"Could he kick a ball with that leg?"

"Hush, do!"

"But, mamma—"

"At this juncture the man with the wooden leg sought, in turn, to create a diversion. He drew from his pocket a pretty little bonbon box and offered the child some sweetmeats. The child accepted them with some hesitation and mistrust. An instant later the boat reached the slip. The mother rose, and smiling graciously, said:

"Thank the gentleman, Ethel, and say good-by."

Ethel advanced, her eyes still firmly fixed upon the object of interest. She held out the tips of her little fingers.

"Good-by," she said, in a voice full of emotion; "good-by, you poor, poor man."

The mother seized the child by the hand, and hurrying through the boat, gained the bridge.—Hoboken Exchange.

## Was Charles Francis Adams Right?

It was September, 1879. The train that bore Bode Hawkins to college caught him from the arms of his mother and the kisses of his sisters. Very glum was Bode Hawkins, and very reluctant he went to school. "Aw shaw!" he growled; "I don't care to go, mother, so what's the use? Dog-gone the college. It won't do no good, and I won't know no more w'en I come back than I do w'en I go away. I'd rather drive team 'r learn a trade 'r somethin'. Dod fetch the thing, anyhow."

June, 1883. Ambrose Hawkins returns to his ancestral hall on the farm. His family weep for joy. All rush to embrace him as he steps from the train. Ambrose Hawkins gazes fixedly at them through the oriel window that includes one eye and delicately extending two fingers for them to grasp, he murmurs:

"Aw, fathaw! gently, my dear fathaw, gently; easy on the rings, ye know. Bless you, me mother—haw, no, thanks; kiss you when we get home, ye know. How do, brothaw—brothaw—well, bless me soul, but aw, I've forgotten the boy's name. Sistah dear, will you kindly hand these brasses 'r me boxes to the luggage manstah? Aw—is this—is this the vehicle?"

And all the way home the old man didn't say a word, but he just drove and thought, and thought and drove, and nearly all that night he sat up twisting hickories and laying them to soak in the watering trough down by the cow-barn. And he told a neighbor next morning that Charles Francis Adams was right, and that "he has about four years' college larnin' to unlarn for Bode afore the boy could holler at a yoke of steers like he used to, but the boy seemed to be comin' round all right, and he reckoned he'd do by 'n-b-y."—Hunkkeye.

## A Remarkable Case.

An old man was arraigned before an Arkansas court for a trifling offence, and among the witnesses was an old woman who, in giving her testimony, made such efforts to shield the old man that the judge asked:

"Madam, have you known this man very long?"

"Yes, sir," the old woman replied. "I have known him a very long time. When I was a young girl he used to visit me, and I know, and I know, and I know, and she twisted her apron and looked down."

"Ah, I see," replied the judge, "used to be sweethearts, and think so much of each other now because you did not marry each other then?"

"You are mistaken, judge, for we did marry each other then, and we are husband and wife now."

"Indeed!" the judge exclaimed, "this is a remarkable case. Liberate the old fellow, Mr. Officer."—Arkansas Traveller.

## Guilty in Part.

A man was indicted for burglary, and the evidence showed that his burglary consisted in cutting a hole through a tent in which several persons were sleeping, and then projecting his head and arm through the hole and abstracting various articles of value. It was claimed by his counsel that, inasmuch as he did not actually enter the tent with his whole body, he had not committed the offense charged. Judge Kent, in reply to this plea, told the jury that, if they were not satisfied that the whole man was involved in that crime, they might bring in a verdict of guilty against so much of him as was thus involved. The jury, after a brief consultation, found the right arm, the right shoulder, and the head of the prisoner guilty of the offense of burglary. The judge sentenced the right arm, the right shoulder, and head to imprisonment with hard labor in the State prison for two years, remarking that as to the rest of his body he might do with it what he pleased. You cannot separate your manhood and your citizenship. If one is guilty, the other must also bear the penalty.—Successful Men of To-day.

## Candid Advice.

"I can swim the whirlpool at Niagara," said a stranger in a confidential whisper to a hardware man on Woodward Avenue yesterday.

"Can you?"

"I feel that I can. I should like some advice from you. Would you try it if you were me?"

"No, sir—no, sir! I wouldn't think of such a thing. A man who hasn't been in a bath-tub for a year, nor had on a clean shirt for a month, wouldn't stand the ghost of a show with a whirlpool. You'd better go and tackle a drink of water, and gradually work up to it."—Detroit Free Press.

It is all in a day's work, and if the muse absolutely refuses to inspire, we, in order to help a brother poet out of a bad place, would suggest the following touching tribute to the departed:

Here lies John Brown, Esquire,  
Who has gone up higher;  
He was born in 1815,  
And was for a long time servant to the Queen;  
He died in 1883,  
Very much regretted by her Majesties—  
He left about \$70,000,  
And Queen Victoria has raised a cairn over his remains at Belmont, which has added greatly to the beauty of the grounds.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Who held the pass of Thermopylae against the Persian host?" demanded the teacher. And the editor's boy at the foot of the class spoke up and said: "Father, I reckon; he holds an annual on every road in the country that runs a passenger train." He went up head—after the rest of the class went home.—Burdette.

"MOTHER says she don't know where or what the devil is," soliloquized a little girl, "but I must know, cos it's in my catechism, and I guess I'll ask grandpa for I've heard him mention him several times."

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